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Philadelphia, March 19 1835.

My dear Wife:

You perceive that I am in the city, which, of all others, next to Boston, is my peculiar favorite. Of course, I am very happy, wanting only your dear presence to perfect my joy. The inquiries after your health, &c., and congratulations upon our union, are very numerous and particular. I would that you were here, not for my sake merely, but that you might participate in those rich tokens of love and kind fellowship, which are extended to me on the right hand and on the left. There are hundreds in this city who long to see and embrace you; but I am afraid that your natural diffidence would shrink from the thronged assemblies in which I mix. I am enjoying the hospitality of James Mott and family: in his abode dwells much of the disinterestedness, purity and peace of heaven. His lady is certainly one of the most remarkable women I ever saw. She is a bold and fearless thinker, in the highest degree conscientious, of most amiable manners, and truly instructive in her conversation. Her husband is worthy of that sacred relation to her which he sustains, being distinguished for his goodness, benignity and philanthropy. Such a couple do not make it very difficult to comply with our Lord's admirable injunction — "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Mr. Thompson is hospitably entertained by a highly esteemed orthodox Friend, Abraham L. Pennock. Henry is located with my friend Robert Purvis. Happily, there is no other division between us, but that of bodily separation — our hearts are one.

On Monday evening, the party (of which I wrote in anticipation in my last letter) was convened at Dr. Cox's house, composed of some of the most estimable men and women in the land. It was a delightful entertainment — beyond description pleasant. Mr. Thompson and myself were particularly favored with the kind attentions of all present — especially of the ladies — and we endeavored to reciprocate the kindness. How many were present I know not — perhaps fifty — but they were all prime abolitionists, and members either of the male or female anti-slavery society in N.Y. Of course, our tongues, eyes, limbs, and hearts were continually in motion. We separated about 11 o'clock. Henry, and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, of Boston, were of the party.

Next morning, Rev. Dr. Cox, Mr. Campbell of Boston, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Thompson, Henry and myself, took

passage in the steam-boat for Philadelphia. Among the passengers on board were several slaveholders. Thompson and myself were soon identified, and a very long and earnest discussion ensued. I had a troop around me; Thompson another troop; Rev. Dr. Cox another troop; and Henry a fourth. Some withered and gnashed upon us; some sneered; some ridiculed; some threatened; and some laughed. However, we argued all opposition down, although I cannot tell how many were converted. I know how many needed to be converted, not only to abolition doctrines, but to the doctrines of divine revelation generally. Practical infidelity, my dear Helen, abounds in our midst to a frightful extent. As a whole, the American people have no fear of God before their eyes. They assume the eternal prerogatives of Jehovah, and despise his law, and rebel against his authority. Miserable nation! who can forestall the judgments that are to come upon thee? Surely it behoves us all to pray, "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy!"

Our Philadelphia brethren are quite joyous at our arrival. The knowledge that we ^{are} here has been communicated to the citizens by the newspapers, and there is quite a sensation felt throughout the community.

Last evening, Mr. Thompson gave a lecture in the ~~Central~~ Presbyterian Church, and spoke for about two hours. The notice was very hastily given, yet the house was crowded to overflowing, and very many could gain no admittance. Probably not less than one thousand persons were present. The discourse was solemn, pungent and powerful, and produced most evidently a favorable impression. Every body is buzzing about it to-day. Mr. T. will probably deliver another lecture to-morrow evening. How long we shall tarry here is uncertain - probably, however, till Monday. I shall ~~not~~ arrive in Brooklyn so soon as I expected, as I have much writing to do by way of epistles to England. It is quite probable that I shall tarry in New-York till the 1st of April, in order to see our friends, Rev. Dr. Cox and Rev. Joshua Leavitt, embark for Europe. If so, I hope to see you in the course of the fortnight.

Now, do not think that I separate myself from you voluntarily. Circumstances compel me, (to aid the cause which we both so much cherish,) to tarry longer than I at first anticipated. Do you miss me, dear H.? Are you anxious for my return? Do the charms which dwell in Friendship's Valley exclude me from your thoughts? Ah! why do I ask these questions? Do I not know how warm, how sincere, how steadfast, is your attachment to me? Have you not given me bright and beautiful evidences of your love?

Still, though absent from me, I trust you are enjoying your visit, to complete satisfaction. It would give me great comfort and joy if I were to receive a letter from you. Will you not write to me at New-York as soon as you receive this? I shall be troubled until I hear from you. Tell me of your health - declare your wishes - freely make your requests - and communicate whatever you may deem suitable and interesting.

Tell dear Anne, that, next to seeing my wife, I long to see her. How can we go back to Freedom's Cottage without her? I hope that painful necessity will not be imposed upon us.

I have not received any intelligence from Boston, and of course have none to communicate.

Tell brother May that I have just had a very pleasant interview with Rev. Mr. Tinness, at Mrs. Matt's. He heard Mr. T. last evening, and, on the whole, was quite delighted. I find he has an aversion to strong language, and I think he is not yet prepared "to go the whole." To-morrow we shall dine together.

Henry desires to send his love with mine to you, and father, mother, sisters, and all the household. He is much pleased with Philadelphia.

With increasing affection,

Your poorer half, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

From the
C. Brontë

Single *13*



Mrs. Helen C. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.